

BY MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

(From the Louisville and Madison Papers.)

From Baltimore.

Baltimore, March 6.
Jas. White, living on Maiden Lane, in a drunken fit this morning, set fire to his house, and out the throats of his two children and himself. After the fire was extinguished, the bodies were found somewhat charred. His wife had fled from the house to avoid her husband and no fear for the children, to whom he had always been kind.

From New York.

New York, March 6.
The Empire City, from New Orleans, arrived this morning. She touched at Havana on the 1st, and brings \$30,000 in money, and 90 passengers; among the latter Col. Fremont.
The Ohio, from Chagres, arrived at Havana on the 29th, and was to sail on the arrival of the Georgia.
The Falcon, from New York, arrived at Havana the day the Empire sailed.

From Boston.

Boston, March 6.
Last evening an attempt was made to smuggle 25 packages of lace from the steamer *Arcturion*, valued at \$2,000. Guilty parties, a head waiter. The ship was seized.

From Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, March 6, 8 P. M.
Last night, a small boy, named Geo. Claiborne, living near John street, Spring Garden, was taken to the police by a ball passing through the front door and entering a child's brain. It died this morning at an early hour. The result of the careless discharge of a pistol by some one unknown.

From Washington.

Washington, March 6, 8 P. M.
The Senate was not in session.
Hovey—Mr. Beale, of Virginia, had leave to make a personal explanation in reference to the debate yesterday.
A message was received from the President transmitting from the Treasury Department a statement of the accounts of Prosper M. Wetmore.
The Senate bill to sell the lands granted by Congress to the Kentucky Asylum for Deaf and Dumb, passed, when the House went into committee on the homestead bill.

From New Orleans.

New Orleans, March 9.
The steamer *Falcon*, which has arrived from Havana, brings a report that Miral has been appointed Captain General of Cuba in place of Concha.
The steamer *Sultana* has arrived.

From Baltimore.

Baltimore, March 11, 8 P. M.
A large meeting was held this morning in the Exchange in favor of the proposed railroad from the terminus of the New York and Cumberland road to Sunbury. A convention on the subject is to be held here on Saturday.

From Boston.

Boston, March 11, 8 P. M.
In the House a resolution was introduced denouncing the compromise acts and declaring the fugitive slave law unconstitutional and speedily to be repealed.

From Washington.

Washington, March 10.
In reference to the New Hampshire elections, late despatches from Concord speak confidently of the success of the democratic candidates for Governor and Representatives.

From Philadelphia.

Philadelphia, March 13, 8 P. M.
A man was arrested last night charged with hotel robbery. He proved to be Frank Thompson, who, a few days since, escaped from the Frankfort (Ky.) penitentiary in July last.

From Washington.

Washington, March 13, 8 P. M.
The ship *Princeton* arrived this morning at New York, with ninety-five Americans of the Cuban expedition, among whom was Mr. Robt. of New Orleans, bearer of despatches.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
The Asia arrived at 9 o'clock with ninety passengers, among whom was Mr. Robt. of New Orleans, bearer of despatches.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
No American steamer had arrived at Liverpool since the *Arctio*.
Dr. Murray, Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, died on the 26th ult. in the 83d year of his age.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
The relations between France and Austria are less friendly since the French have protested against increased duties in Austria.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
ENGLAND.—In the House of Lords, on the 27th, Lord Derby gave a short programme of the principles which were to govern the new Ministry. He repudiated the franchise measure and also expressed a preference for the principles of the American tariff rather than the free-trade system.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
Liverpool, Feb. 28.—Cotton market quiet but firm, with sales of 6,000 bales; small stock of cheese and in request; lard scarce and dearer.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
The great topic of discussion in every circle of society has been in reference to Lord Derby's Ministry. His foreign policy is to be conducted with determination to maintain peace.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
re-imposing five shillings duty on corn, but would first take the sense of the country upon the question. While avowing himself an enemy to bribery at elections, which he would repress by all the means in his power, he could not assent to the plan of reform introduced by his predecessor in the extension of education. He would mainly rely on the parochial clergy.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
Earl Grey declared that the Premier's explanation was unsatisfactory to the House, and that he would explore him not to keep the country in suspense as to what his real intentions are.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
Earl Fitzwilliams disavowed the intention announced by Earl Grey and Lord Aberdeen and declared his intention of supporting Sir Robert Peel's commercial policy by every means in his power. He said that the points he should be able to support the new Government.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
Meetings continue to be held. At Lambeth it was resolved that the termination of Russell's Ministry should not deter the men of principle from pressing for the thorough reform of the House of Commons.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
At Birmingham similar demonstrations took place, where vote by ballot was demanded sine qua non to any new reform bill.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
Earl St. Petersburg would not admit of the transformation of the President into Emperor. Since its receipt the French and Austrian Governments have been less friendly, inasmuch as Nicholas declares that, if Austria moves one step to assist France in disturbing the treaty of commerce in the world, Austria will aid France against France, Austria, and the rest of Europe.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
The feeling in Paris is that peace will be maintained. In relation to fugitives from other nations, Lord Derby said that it was the duty of the government, without assuming to a system of espionage, to keep a watch over the movements of such parties as abused English hospitality.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
In the House of Commons, Mr. Vallier gave notice that he should move at an early day a resolution pledging the House to maintain policy in free trade, and arrest attempts to re-impose a protective duty on corn.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
A soiree was given by Mr. Lawrence at London on the 28th, at which the whole diplomatic corps were present, except the Austrian minister.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
Moore, the Irish poet, died on the 26th, aged eighty-two years.

From New York.

New York, March 12.
Billion in the Bank of England £402,000; whole stock £18,948,000. London money market unchanged. Flour the last three days commanded great attention; sales of 20,000 bbls. western canal at 22s. Floating cargoes of corn brought full rates, on the 27th an advance of 6d was obtained. Bacon scarce and demand moderate at steady prices. Beef much wanted. Pork scarce and advancing; eastern prime mess will bring 64s.6d.

121 to hear from come in same as last year the democratic majority will be 17. The Senate stands 7 democratic, 2 coalition, 2 no choice, and 1 doubtful.

From Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh, March 13, 8 P. M.
A man named Somers, employed in a warehouse, was arrested last night charged with stealing a package containing \$900. The package was given him by mistake with other packages for the West. Four hundred dollars of the money was recovered.

From New Orleans.

New Orleans, March 13.
There are many Americans who frequently met Louis Napoleon in English society, during his exile from France. They must have all noticed his peculiar features, his character, which goes far towards explaining his recent course. He was then, and is now, as thorough an enthusiast as any religious devotee or social reformer of the past or the present age. He has always believed himself destined by Heaven to revivify the world, and to restore the empire of Napoleon.

In conversation during his banishment, he steadily spoke of himself as one marked out for great deeds, and of all the revolutions and troubles of France as only the preparation for his certain destiny. There was in his manner, while speaking of these things, nothing affected or overwrought, but an apparent sincerity and earnestness of conviction. He seemed to regard himself as distinctly set apart for that special work, and is only awaiting the signal for his career to open the door for him to enter upon its performance.

This view of his character explains the apparent madness of his repeated attempts at the invasion of France. While exiled from its dominions, powerful friends and devotees of his person, who were ready to rally round him, and to place him at the head of public affairs. Not a thought of failure seems to have disturbed him, nor a momentary apprehension that he might be disappointed in the enterprise. And so throughout his imprisonment he preserved the same impassable equanimity, relying upon the same ultimate destiny, and considering past failures as only temporary interruptions of the great career which he believed himself to be marked out for.

This view of his character certainly explains his past conduct better than any other. And it may also throw some light upon his intentions and probable career in the future. During his exile he repeatedly spoke of himself as destined to retrieve the disaster of Waterloo. Not long after his escape from the English coast, he spoke of that as the great blot upon the French escutcheon—the only disgrace which had never been wiped away. Not long before his usurpation, he addressed the army, as involved in the same disaster, and as bound together by a common necessity for its retrieval. Thinkers, not long ago, published a remark made by Louis Napoleon, in conversation with him, that he thought a foreign war expedient and essential for France. And a thousand minds, incidentally known to those who have kept him of current events, combine to show that the fanaticism which raised him to power still stimulates and guides him in his exercise. He still believes himself the legitimate successor of Napoleon, and upon whom devolves the duty of revenging his wrongs and re-establishing the supremacy of his name.

What this bodes for the prolonged peace of Europe, over which we are engaged for himself. With a mission to the French throne, ordinary calculations of the future are essentially deranged.—N. Y. Times.

At a Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser who attended the Congress given by General St. Arnaud, thus describes an interview between an English lady and himself:
In course of the evening, followed with standing, I found a seat by a lady, who was addressed as Madame de Marquis. She was a French lady, and we fell into conversation. She expressed great admiration for the United States, but she must say that it could not be considered a land of liberty.

"And why not, Madame?"
"I understand that one of the gentlemen here has been a hundred slaves a piece."

"Indeed!"
"Yes, sir, a gentleman who has been there told me so."

"In what part of the United States was that, Madame?"
"In Rio Janeiro," said Madame la Marquis.

"Soon after this I left for home in a contemplative frame of mind."

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The editor of the Express, in imitation of his illustrious contemporary of the State Journal, has already, at this early period of the campaign, commenced his bitter partisan denunciation of the nominees of the Democratic State Convention. We were pleased to see it, and we would not wonder if it were to be continued.

The Whigs and the Presidency.

It would seem that a party which is so low in the estimation of the people as the Whig party is, at the present time, would not take much interest in the Presidential canvass, or trouble itself much about a candidate. But this is not the case. The Whigs are proverbially fond of office, and it comes as natural to them to present their claims when the spoils are to be divided as it does for a beggar to hold out his hand for pennies. Hence, though they have no more chance of success in the next canvass than the man in the moon, yet all hands are as much excited about the question of who shall be their candidate, as though they were about to elect their man.

They tell, very frequently, that the Democratic party is divided about a candidate, while they have in their own ranks at least a dozen aspirants for the honor of the office. The Whigs are working in his behalf as only men can work who are tasting the sweets of office, and are afraid of losing them. Whig friends are circulating subscription papers in his behalf, holding mass meetings in the eastern cities to put him in nomination. Scott is not without those who, for the sake of "availability," are ready to swallow him, hot-soup and all. Besides these, there are a number of Whigs who are determined to run for something, if it is not so good.

We hope they will hold a Convention, and agree upon somebody; for we do not want the fun of using them up as we certainly shall do—do that they will never be heard from any more. Bring your own man, give us somebody to fight against, and leave us alone for the way to use him up.—*Lucas Dem. Banner.*

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but he never put his hands to the work. Mr. McCarty is a man of no account, and his only claim to the office is that he is a native of the State.

"The Real Farmer."—The whig papers dub their candidate for Governor, "the Real Farmer." We have known Mr. McCarty ever since 1829, and we will bet soon skin that he has not, since that time, ploughed half an acre of ground. He has had some farming done, but